The Meredith Weekly News.

JUSTICE TO ALL, MALICE TO NONE.

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NURSING MOTHERS
AND THEIR
INFANTS
WEAR THE
Boston Battery!

There is no other battery in existence that will quiet the infant when it is teething. It soothes the nerves, and both mother and child enjoy sweet repose. The mother does not have to resort to soothing syrups in order to procure rest and sleep for herself or child. The Boston Battery is a hollow battery, and contains but which is of more value than soothing syrups or paregoric. If you are troubled with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Diseases, Sleepless Nights, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Heart, Liver, Lung or Kidney Diseases, wear the Boston Battery, and take no other. If your druggists do not have it, send by letter, and we warrant its safe arrival. Sent by mail everywhere on receipt of price, $5 cents. Sold by all Druggists. The trade supplied by the

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BOSTON, MASS.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

We wake with the morn, but the morn is not;
The shadow of death is over the spot;
We cannot speak, we can scarcely breathe;
The mists far over the moorlands wreathe.

They talk in whispers beside the fire,
The flickering embers slow expire;
The shouts of the children rise no more,
The clock stops short by the muffled door.

Deeper and darker the shadow grows,
Chillier the current of feeling flows;
The touch of the Shadow is cold on the heart,
Its icy fingers will never depart.

—*K. le Brownlee Sherwood.*

THE BANS CHANGED.

Dr. Phineas Penrode rested his gold-knobbed cane on the top of the stone fence, and looked down patronizingly on little Mollie Wren, who was picking arbutus buds into her chip hat.

"Yes, Miss Mollie," he pronounced, inflating himself like an alderman after oysters—"yes; your remark is just. Instinct is the diviner's rod whereby character is read; and, if you will allow me to say so, it is something common to women and all inferior animals."

"Ah! then you share it, I suppose?" said Mollie, with flashing eyes.

"Ye-es," replied Phineas, not noticing Mollie's insinuation. "I inherit the womanly element from my mother just enough to tone my character. Look and see who a dog's child or a woman fancies, and you may rely on them. Now, I've always noticed that dogs and children, and I think I may say, without vanity, women, naturally take to me."

Mollie pulled out a whole inch of ribbon in spitefully tugging at the flowers in her hat.

"I always hated men that dogs and women were fond of!" she muttered.

"Yes," went on the imperturbable Phineas; "when I was down at Orleans, I went to bargain for a bloodhound one day. The minute I opened the door, up sprang that brute, put both paws on my shoulders, and looked me straight in the eye. He liked the looks, and we became good friends; but the owner drew a long breath, and said he wouldn't have given a picayune for my life. You see, 'twas instinct."

"No!" And Mollie tossed her small head saucily. "'Twas because he was an 'inferior animal.' He recognized the family blood in your veins. Good-by, Dr. Penrode! I'll leave you to destiny and Miss Lynde. Susy and I have got to go to the store to see about our account."

"Good-by, Mollie! Wait! Stop, Susy, when they had jumped the fence, and were treading the little path down the highway. "Everybody says he likes you, and, you know, the good-will of a dog is better than the ill-will."

"That's just it, Susy. Why should I court and flatter him because he is rich? There's many a better fish in the sea will come to my net if he'll only let me alone."

Mollie Wren was a blithe, bonny little creature of eighteen summers. The robin that sung in the elm over her window could not rival her daily thanksgiving; and Venus herself might have envied the delicate bloom of her cheek. Our village girls were rosy and rubust; but Mollie looked more like some stately lady stepped out of her frame in some picture hall of those old colonial times, than a poor schoolmistress and maid of all work in the little brown cottage at the Elms; for Mollie lived in those good old times, just after our fathers won their liberties, when it was thought no disgrace for a lady to work with her own hands.

She looked so dainty to-day, with her white linen cape, her short gown of sheer muslin and the chip hat, ornamented with the arbutus-buds for which the little party had been hunting.

May had opened her pink eyes under thousands of green leaves in the forests, and no one knew better than Mollie how to coax Nature's secrets from her. She was looked upon with some awe by the village boys, who were fond of relating her feats in woodcraft. She could charm birds to eat from her hand. She could imitate the voices of animals so that they would crowd about her. She knew the healing properties of a hundred plants; and it had even been asserted that the witch-hazel, that magic plant, always bowed to her when she passed by. She was often questioned as to these matters, but always laughingly replied:

"Plucked lilies soon grow sere;" which, being in itself an obscure saying, gave her more reputation than ever

"There's the ma'am," cried one.

"I'ı her the wee folks tell their secrets to," whispered a second.

At this time society was simple in its tastes, and the art of living primitive. The store for these early times was one of some pretensions. It was a roomy, red building, with huge window-shutters, on which were advertisements of lost property, sales on execution, and notices of town meetings. Susy and Mollie walked in under the horseshoe over the door, and the blush on the cheek of the handsome clerk was reflected on Mollie's as she held out her hand to him over the counter.

"Good-morning, Noel. I thought I'd just step in on my way down, to inquire about the cheeses. Have you weighed them yet?"

"We have so. Sixty pounds good weight, and rich enough for King George himself!"

"You forget, Noel," said Mollie, laughing. "Where is your loyalty to the commonwealth?"

"Sure enough! it's hard work to put away old bywords; but I'm loyal enough, for that matter. I hear you're going to sing at the inauguration festival, Miss Mollie."

"Well, yes; that's one reason why I came down. I thought if the cheeses brought enough, I could afford me that sprigged muslin, and a few yards of tiffany. Let me see: the weight was more than I expected;" and Mollie counted on her fingers the amount the cheese would bring, and from it was duly subtracted the price of sundry necessaries for her mother and herself.

"Well, yes, Noel" she cried, at last; "I guess you may cut it off;" and then, as if her happiness were at last legitimate, and therefore to be enjoyed, she began to stroke the coveted dress, and a blush crept into her cheeks, as, with a woman's vanity, she thought how somebody would look in the choir on the eventful day.

"It's too bad!" said the young man "for you to have to slave and pinch as you do. There isn't a lady on the hill, with her brocade and velvet, that can queen it as you will in that cheap gown."

"Thank you, Noel; but I must be content with the old saw—'Handsome is, that handsome does.' Good-by. I suppose we shall see you down on Saturday if nothing happens, I'll fall to and help you with those vines."

"You'll not measure off much more muslin for Mollie, if the village gossips are right," said a lounger in the store. "Dr. Penrode can afford to dress her as well as the squire's lady. I expect every Sunday to hear them cried in church."

As a little mote dropped in the eye will cause exquisite pain, so this chance peradventure rankled in Noel Gray's sensitive heart. Mollie and he had been sweethearts ever since she trudged barefooted by his side to the little red schoolhouse where she now was mistress. He remembered the sled-rides he had given her, the four-leaved clovers they had hunted together, and how many times they had blown the down from the dandelion-tops to see if their respective mothers wanted them. Noel had fondly dreamed that the maidenly dignity only hid a little of the same warm heart for him as of old, and that the soft light in Mollie's eyes beamed for him a little more tenderly than for others. And then Dr. Penrode! Should such an old satyr mate with his peerless Mollie? Surely the gods themselves would interfere!

Meantime, Mollie was taking off her things in her little bedroom under the eaves.

"Noel is tired," she thought. "He will [illegible] ings and stir [illegible] same time. I'm glad he comes to us Sundays, and I'll make some nutcakes to-morrow. Noel was always so fond of them."

She stopped a moment on her way to the kitchen, to smooth her mother's gray hair, which had escaped from the white cap, and to adjust the dimity ruffle of her short gown. The widow Wren always looked like a lady, folks said, and it was Mollie's pride to sustain the reputation. There was a flush to-night on the widow's cheek.

"Why, how well you look, mother dear!" said Mollie.

The old lady's heart gave a repentant thrill, and she saw her dutiful child adjust the white cloth for their supper, and put the milk-toast carefully in the china plate before wheeling her to her place. What a good child she was! and she had been conspiring against her peace that very day. "However, I did it for her good," the old lady repeated to herself by way of comfort.

The room was large, the windows small, and shaded by half-curtains drawn on a cord. The walls were wainscoted with hard wood, and the ceiling boarded. On the walls were the coats-of-arms of the family in black frames. A cheerful fire crackled between the brass andirons, and the tea-kettle still hung over its iron hook. Not a word was spoken for some minutes, and then the widow said:

"Mollie, did you see Dr. Penrode to-day?"

"Yes, mother; he was at the stile when the girls met. He tagged after us the whole way. I do think he answers to his name! I stumbled on it in the dictionary to-day, and it means 'mouth of brass!' He's brassy enough, to be sure!"

"I'm sorry, my daughter, to hear you speak so. Dr. Penrode has done you great honor. He spent an hour with me this afternoon, and asked my consent to keep company with you."

The widow did not add that she had encouraged him, and that the doctor had urged that the bans might be published the next week.

"Forever! mother!" gasped Mollie.

"And, my child," the widow continued, "I know you're young, and the doctor is getting in years, but I want you to think well before you let this good fortune go. It isn't every bush that springs out of a good mine, and not many men could make you and I so comfortable for life. And then there's the trouble at the school, you know."

Mollie's face grew white. She set her lips firmly together.

"You wish it, mother?" she asked.

"Yes, Mollie, for your good. Love and sentiment will do well enough for children, but they're a poor dependence in real life."

It seemed to Mollie as if a thousand-pound weight had evidently fallen upon her. She cleared the table, and set about putting her invalid mother to bed; but she made no sign. Her nature was calm est and stillest when trouble came. She bent over the dear face on the pillow and whispered:

"Kiss me, mother; I will tell you in the morning," and then wearily mounted to the little dormer window under the eaves.

The calm quiet of that May night seemed to bring Noel nearer, and to make the sacrifice more heart-breaking.

But Noel had never spoken to her of love, and he was a poor student. What could he do for her? Her school was surely slipping out of her hands into those of a favorite, and for the garden, with all Noel's efforts and hers, it could not be made to yield a third of their support.

"Poor mother!" she thought, "she is a lady, indeed. How I should like to see her in black silk and white lace."

Of the great sin of giving a hand without a heart, Mollie never thought. The issue to her was between Noel and her mother.

She thought how noble, how martyr-like it would be to give her life for her mother who had bestowed it upon her. And in so doing she might be benefiting Noel by taking from him the temptation to an imprudent marriage.

A strong enthusiasm held her up. She resolutely thrust from her the vision of Doctor Penrode in his three-cornered hat, lace coat, his buff-fringed vest, and nankeen small clothes, and thought only of her dear mother in the coveted black silk gown and the real lace.

"Yes, mother," said Mollie, forcing a smile to her lips—"yes, I will do it for you."

She stood in the early dawnlight, in her loose, white short-gown, by her mother's side.

"Bless you, my dear child! You will be glad by-and-by to do it for yourself, I feel sure.

Still, the day went by, and Mollie could not feel glad. Somehow she did not seem to belong to herself. There was no pleasure in Noel's Saturday visit; the trowel in her pretty hands seemed to strike into her heart instead of the weeds about the vines. A dull ache, which happy Mollie had never even heard named, almost suffocated her.

Somehow when Noel praised the nutcakes it did not make her glow as it used. And when she sat in the old pew by his side she felt like a miserable traitor, thinking of the notice the minister would read so soon, for the widow had told her Dr. Penrode's wish, and she had said 'twas so well then as any time.

Even when Dr. Penrode himself, in all the dignity of powdered queue and gold-headed cane, [illegible] her, Mollie soon acknowledged to herself that she could not make up her mind to tell Noel, but slighted all his hints to walk out, till he went away hurt, and took all her light away with him in going.

Dr. Penrode's visits at the Elms were remarked and nodded over by more than one. Miss Consider Brown, the worthy maiden landlady of the doctor peeped through her blinds till she saw his square-tailed coat disappear behind the garden-gate.

"Te think on't!" she gasped, "after all I've done for Jim, and he as good as married to me already! Hasn't he told me time and again, 'Miss Consider, you're a woman of a thousand!' Hasn't he praised my tea? hasn't he spoke of his prospects—how that he should marry as soon as he got an establishment in town, and looked sweet at me all the time! and then to jilt me for that low-headed midget!"

Dr. Penrode had, indeed, got an establishment in town. He made it the subject of a debate with Mollie Saturday evening, wisely waiting till the very night before the publishing of the bans.

The doctor talked to Mollie in his usual heavy, discursive style, hovering over her much as an old hen might over its solitary chicken, and never asking for any kiss or endearments, for which Mollie was profoundly thankful.

"In fact, Mollie," he prosed, "some folks might say it was a decidedly foolish thing for me to do at all, to marry a little chit like you, without experience or knowledge of the tastes of a man of the world. But Miss Consider unites all the qualities desirable in a helpmate, save the charm of youth—freshness of the dew on the rose, as the poet says. But since I have done you the honor to prefer you, Miss Mollie, I hope you will not hesitate to accede to my wishes in a matter of importance."

He then proceeded to inform her that he had taken an office in town, with a partner of ability and position; that they should live in style; that he wished to withdraw her from every vulgar connection, and give her that introduction to society for which her beauty eminently fitted her.

To accomplish this it was necessary that she should go alone with him; and he recommended that the little place should be sold, and the proceeds would probably board her mother in a small way for the rest of her life.

For a moment Mollie's heart stood still; then the indignant blood flashed into her face.

"Dr. Penrode," and she bowed scornfully, "I appreciate the exceeding honor you do me in asking me to make a heathen of myself. When I drop my penny into the box for foreign missions next Sunday, I will attach a paper asking that it be devoted to Dr. Phineas Penrode's benefit—the man who would leave his old mother on the Ganges' bank, like any other heathen. I have the honor to bid you good-night!"

And Mollie stalked up to her room like a queen, leaving the discomfited lover to seek Miss Consider Brown's in peace.

What was to be done?

The notice of intention of marriage between Dr. Phineas Penrode and Miss Mollie Wren was already written, and the doctor's man had orders to put it in the minister's desk at the tolling of the bell.

It was already nine o'clock. Her mother had long since retired, and Noel had been kept all day at the store getting in new goods and marking sundry boxes.

Mollie did what any other woman would—spent the time, before Noel's step was heard on the gravel walk, in having a good cry.

Soon as the familiar hand was on the latch, a nervous grasp was laid upon it, and Mollie's head bent over it in utter anguish of spirit.

"Why, Mollie, dear, what's the matter?" said Noel, soothingly. "There, there, don't sob so! Is mother worse, or is it the school?"

"Oh, Noel, it's not that! I've been so wicked—so very wicked!"

"So! So! What a dear little sinner. She'll have to be taken into dealings. Shall it be by Parson White or Deacon Rugg, Mollie?"

Mollie was in no mood for pleasantry, and drew back from Noel with a little jerk.

She longed to tell all her miserable trouble. A few tears shed on his breast would have been an immense relief; but then he had never asked her to rest there, and now he was making fun of her.

"There, Mollie, I didn't mean to vex you," said Noel. "Only I came home to-night to tell you some good news, that I hoped would make both of us happy in the end, and here you are as glum as a death's-head. But there—I am sorry for you. And now come—tell me the whole of it, Mollie dear."

Thus invited, Mollie poured out all her woes.

A paleness in his face, a tight clinching of the hands, alone signified that Noel heard.

They had been buying and selling his darling under his very eyes—had almost effected it, in short! And he had no good word to say for any of them—scarcely for Mollie herself, who had so quietly let them have their way, and been willing to pass by the love she must have seen in his eyes.

"No, Noel," said Mollie, when she had been over it all, "it's no use to call Dr. Penrode selfish and heartless, when I've now—what a dreadful thing I was going to do. Ah, oh, Noel, I've no friend in all the world but you! You must help me out of this. You won't let them call our names to-morrow?"

"Confusion, no! I think I see myself! I'll just go over and shake that old fellow out of bed. I'll make him swear—But no! I can do better than that; only, Mollie, there is one condition—you must make me a promise."

"What, Noel?"

"That I shall take Dr. Penrode's place. I've loved you, Mollie, ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper, and I can't let you go now. To-day I got that place in the academy I've been trying for so long, and the first thing I did after receiving the notice was to go to mother's old bureau and take out her wedding-ring. I'll ask Mollie this very night said I. Here it is. You see it's nothing but a thread—rubbed down in forty years' wear; but I couldn't wed my little wife with any other. May I try it on, Mollie?"

"If I were good enough, you might, Noel; but——"

The rest of Mollie's speech Noel cut short in what the dictionary would call a very osculatory manner.

Resting on his assurance that all would be well, Mollie's spirits rose. She was even merry, saying, as she lighted Noel up-stairs:

"Just think, Noel—Miss Consider has made gallons of sage-tea, they say, and put coals in the warming-pan every night for two winters, and yet he must go and ask me, who wouldn't turn over my hand for him."

"Yes, it's much more fitting that Miss Consider should have her due," replied Noel.

After all, Mollie could not help feeling a little nervous as she tied the strings of her hat that May Sunday.

How was Noel going to save her?

She lingered long at the glass, and her mother slyly whispered:

"That's right, Mollie—look your prettiest to-day. Make him think he's got a prize worth having."

And the blush this remark called out had scarcely died from her face when Noel whispered, as she passed to the sitting-room where her assiduous lover was waiting:

"I declare, Mollie, I never saw you so charming as you are to-day. I'm glad of it. What right had that old satyr to hunt in my garden For you know, Mollie, you've belonged to me for years. I'd like this lost ange to look as lovely as possible when I shut the gate of Paradise for him to-day! Serves him right, the old epicure!"

Mollie walked to the church between Noel and Dr. Penrode. Probably the latter felt too sure of his bride to object.

Mollie asked herself the question again:

"How was Noel going to save her?"

How confidently he walked! How stately he seemed, carrying his head as proudly as a young Apollo!

And yet her heart sank down like lead when she saw the minister enter the church in his black coat and white bands, and then, as the bell ceased tolling, saw the doctor's man place a note upon the pulpit-cushion.

Surely, her fate was closing darkly around her! What was Noel doing?

Noel's plan was being unfolded outside.

"Here, Rufe," he called, as he saw the sexton's boy disporting himself in the grass—"would you like to earn a dollar?"

Now there was not such a dare-devil in town as this same Rufus. He speedily signified his willingness to earn so enormous a sum by open mouth, staring eyes, and finally by a brisk somersault on the grass.

"But, Rufe, I want you to understand, you don't do the work, you don't get the dollar," said Noel.

He then told the boy that there was a square billet on the minister's desk that he must bring to him, and put another in its place; and so saying, he drew from his pocket the fac-simile of the doctor's notice.

"You climb like a squirrel, Rufe, you know, and you can easily hide in the little space under the pulpit, and during the long prayer climb softly up by the beams, put your hand slyly up and grasp the paper. Remember—a square one, right hand side!"

Usually Deacon Rugg, the clerk of the town, read the bans, but to-day he was absent.

The first hymn had been lined and sung, the long prayer offered, and, as the notes of the last hymn died away, Parson White solemnly rose. He slowly unfolded the paper—and its contents fell like a thunderbolt upon three pairs of ears at least.

"Marriage is intended," solemnly pronounced the parson, "between Dr. Phineas Penrode and Miss Consider Brown. This is the first time of reading."

Of course all the country audience indulged in a prolonged stare at the interested persons.

As for Noel, he nearly stifled, and his face grew black behind his silk handkerchief, especially as he commanded a full view of Dr. Penrode's face. The unfortunate man sat staring at the parson, and all the audience stared at him. Finally, like a fox hard pressed, he doubled on his tracks and fled the house.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Consider, under her breath. "Who'd a thought me! But it's just as well. I wanted to give me a pleasant surprise!"

I am happy to say that Miss Consider's good fortune proved substantial. The doctor accepted the situation. The town was never the wiser, nor was Miss Consider herself.

And, although I have heard my great-grandmother tell this story a hundred times, she always ended by saying:—

"Yes, children, your Grandfather Gray was a wonderful man; but how he managed that affair I never could find out."

GOOD INFLUENCES.

Some of the results published in connection with free libraries are very striking, showing as they do the good influence that can be wielded by libraries in fostering a taste for really good reading. Among many instances one is mentioned which demonstrates more fully how the impulse for worthy literature may spread. A child of ten inquired for a book on the microscope because she had one at home: at the library he met another boy who wanted a work on botany, and to whom Why Plants Grow had been given. The two boys got acquainted over their books, and began to tell each other what they knew. Presently another boy came in who had spent the summer at the seashore and wanted to know about shells. He took home ocean wonders, and joined the young naturalist and botanist in their studies. He had hardly got under way before another boy came in who was curious about insects. The four boys now made a scientific society of their own, meeting at one another's houses, and the meetings went on regularly until two of the boys left the city.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Officer Chiardi, of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children, arraigned in the police court Geo. L. Weeks, who keeps a prize package store. Weeks was arrested under section 890 of the new code, which makes any one who is engaged in games of chance a disorderly person. Mrs. Jacob Phillips called at the Charles-street police station and informed Capt. Hedden that her 10-years-old boy had stolen from her $1.50 and invested it in prize packages in Weeks' store. She said that Weeks displayed in his show window cheap revolvers, tinsel jewelry and toys which he represented to give as prizes. Inside the store he had a number of small pieces of chewing gum wrapped in paper along with small cards, on which were written the prizes won by the buyer. Mrs. Phillips further said that children were thus induced to engage in games of chance, and in many instances stole the money with which they played. Capt Hedden sent for Officer Chiardi, who advised the arrest of Weeks. Justice Otterbourg held Weeks for examination on Mrs. Phillips' affidavit.—*New York paper.*

CRIBBAGE.

Poor whisky makes rich divorce lawyers.

Theodore remarked, when Angelina's father shoved him off the door step, that the old gentleman had considerable push about him.

"I am now," said a Turkish spy, writing to his government, "in an apartment so small that the least suspicion cannot enter it."

Lady lodger—"Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night." Male lodger—"Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that; he might play the piano all day."

Mr. Strauss, of Cincinnati, recently rescued two friends who fell into the water, thus proving the truth of the old saying, "Drowning men catch at Strauss."

Lord Norbury, riding in the coach of his friend Purcell, and chancing to pass a gallows, asked, "Where would you be Purcell, if every man had his due?" "Alone in my carriage," was the reply.

England is avenged. The misery, suffering and mortification which the Americans have experienced at Yorktown celebration are worse than those of Cornwallis and his army one hundred years ago.

From the manner shirts are made, we think there ought to be an "inspector of common sewers." We went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found ourselves, on awaking in the morning, crawling out between two of the shortest stitches.

"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of a neighbor's son, "you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there is no better culture in no better in the country than agriculture."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Brown, as she surveyed with evident pleasure her new parlor sideboard, covered with china and decorated with high-colored tiles; "Mr. B. remarked last night that I was becoming quite an atheist," and the old lady's countenance fairly beamed with delight as her eyes rested on a sixteen-cent Japanese teapot.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "as the doctor continued his visits."

In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plase, ma'am, for the bird to roosht on!"

A naval officer, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had left his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship. In the heat of the engagement a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck. A seaman, thinking he had been wounded again, called out for a surgeon "No, no," said the captain; "the carpenter will do."

She was sitting in an omnibus, looking as sweet as a peach in her handsome dress and bewitching broad-rimmed hat; he, the clumsy brute trod heavily on the dainty foot in passing. "Awkward fellow," sprang involuntarily to the rosy lips. "Excuse me, miss," apologized the "fellow," gallantly, "but your foot should be large enough to be seen." Sequel—dimples, blushes, and full forgiveness.

"Why, how odd you look with your hair parted in the middle!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I used to part mine on the side," said Mrs. Jones. Then the conversation became general. Each lady had to tell how she parted her hair—all but little Edith's mother. She said nothing. Suddenly little Edith's voice was heard. She evidently did not like to have her mother ignored. Said she, "My mother parts her hair on the table!"

In the neighborhood of Rochdale, it happened that a big bulking collier, six feet two inches in his stockings, had an extremely diminutive wife, who was in the constant habit of thrashing him. His master, who knew the fact, said to him: "Why, John, you lout, what do you mean? A great thumping fellow like you, as strong as a steam-engine or an elephant, to let a little woman like your wife thrash you, what a blockhead you must be!" "Whoy, whoy," was the patient reply, "it pleases her, an' it does me no hurt!"

PECULIAR FURNITURE.

The high rents and crowded condition of New York city have evolved a peculiar kind of furniture, which is made to serve two or three purposes at once. An elaborate writing desk, with ink, pens and paper, is really a wash-stand. An elaborate etagere, or bookcase, is a bed or a wardrobe. A chair can be changed into a foot tub. A "chrome" proves to be a looking-glass; a slop-bucket and pitcher and basin is a praying stool; and a candelabra with wax candles proves to be an arrangement for concealing towels and tooth brushes. The New York Times suggests that a piano might be converted into a series of wash-tubs, or a dish-washing apparatus, and a Buhl cabinet into a stove.

The Meredith Weekly News.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER.

GEO. P. SANBORN, Publisher and Proprietor.

Post Office Square, Meredith, N. H.

TERMS:

$1.25 per Year, In Advance.

John Smith, Jr., No. 45 Milk St., Boston, T. H. Jameson, of Concord; Capt. J. E. Locke, of Centre Harbor; and C. H. Mason, of Moultonboro, are authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper.

Entered at Meredith, N. H., as Second Class Matter.

The vote in Pennsylvania at the recent election was 278,000 less than in 1880.

William Crabtree, a brother of Charlotte Crabtree, (Lotta) is an art student in Paris.

Representative A. H. Stephens will not publish his new book before next summer.

Mrs. Bright Eyes Tibbles, the Illustrious Ponca has been visiting Sitting Bull at Fort Randall.

Cadet Whittaker says that he will try to enter the British army "if justice is denied" him in America.

General Hancock expects to start shortly upon a tour of inspection of the southern ports in his command.

Princess Beatrice has given two thousand pounds out of the proceeds of her Christmas book to the support of the Belgrave hospital for children.

Mr. Gladstone has had a regular body guard of police of late. This is as much a novelty for an English prime minister as for an American president.

There are 300 educated female physicians in active practice in twenty-six states of our Union—the majority in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania.

The Maltese are protesting against having the English language forced upon them. A petition against this signed by 15,000 persons, is to be sent to Queen Victoria.

D. O. Mills, the well-known capitalist and speculator, father-in-law of Whitelaw Reid of the New York *Tribune*, is reported to be dying of Bright's disease in California.

Erasmus Wilson, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, the great authority on cutaneous disorders, who brought Cleopatra's Needle to England, has been knighted.

Horace W. Tabor, the mining millionaire, and ex-lieutenant governor of Colorado, in the year 1854 was a stone cutter, at Augusta, Me. He is now reported to be worth $5,000,000.

There is a monster orange tree near Fort Harley, Fla., that measures nine feet one inch in circumference. It is over fifty years old, and some seasons has borne over 9000 oranges.

Spurgeon says that God never intended that Great Britain should be governed by all the villains and blackguards who want to get into parliament. He wants to see parliament made up of Christian men.

The newspapers have just discovered that the adopted daughter of Emery A. Storrs of Chicago eloped with and married Dr. Hunt, a Washington physician, a month ago. The girl is only seventeen years old.

The reason why English pickpockets are so fond of operating in Paris is that Frenchmen comparatively seldom have bank accounts, but are accustomed to carry large sums in their pockets, and rarely take the numbers of notes.

Dr. Uriel Terrell, Democratic member-elect to the Virginia legislature from Orange county, is perhaps the oldest person in public life in the Union. He is in his ninetieth year, with the mental and physical activity of a man of sixty.

Mr. Joseph Millmore of Boston has been commissioned by Judge Hilton of New York to erect a monument in Trinity churchyard, New York, to the memory of the late A. T. Stewart. The cost will be in the neighborhood of $35,000 and the monument will be completed next August.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1881.

The weather in New York continues to be warm and agreeable. Although there are many winter garments to be seen on the streets, the majority of people have not yet laid aside their fall clothing. The irresistable young swell still clings to his thin plaid ulster, and saunters leisurely and gracefully down Broadway with this checker-board garment buttoned smoothly across his chest and twirling a bamboo stick in his exquisitely gloved hand. By the way, a stick helps a fellow out wonderfully sometimes. If his ideas positively refuse to come forth, or worse yet, he starts suspiciously to relate some thrilling anecdote and becomes hopelessly stranded right in the middle of it, he simply puts his walking stick through a pantomimic performance, and the story is eloquently completed. Then in point of usefulness, a stick if carried at a proper angle under the arm, has no equal as an eye-closer, unless we except its own cousin the umbrella.

The Grand street accident, where so many lost their lives by the sudden falling of tenement houses has filled everybody with horror. As the bodies were reached through the debris they were quietly removed to some place where they could be properly prepared for burial. Mrs. Hill, who lay for eight hours crushed between rafters, speaking cheerfully from time to time to the workmen who were endeavoring to reach her, died almost immediately after her removal. Who can know or imagine what her sufferings were as she lay there closely fastened and fatally injured. It is believed by some that the constant jarring from the trains passing over the elevated railroad is in part the cause of the accident. Whatever the cause may have been the result is most sad.

Fifth avenue is very gay after two o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody who owns a tournout is on his way to the Park at that hour. This is the direct route, and the odd and tasteful vehicles that put in an appearance on upper Fifth avenue during the fashionable driving hour are quite enough to drive a foot passenger wild with envy. Nobby dog-carts where the flunky sits up behind with folded arms and knows nothing, stylish little phaetons containing merry, gay young girls, family carriages that are very respectable and lumbering, highly decorated jaunting cars that make one's head ache even to look at, airy plebian stable teams which have been hired by the hour, all mingle confusedly going up Fifth avenue. DIDA.

Written for the News.

DAVIS ISLAND.

BY E. A. PHILBRICK.

This island, which lies about one mile east of the Weirs, is two miles in length and one in breadth at the widest part, and contains nearly five hundred acres. It was originally named Governor's Island; in honor of Gov. Benning Wentworth, but is now generally known by its present name from the fact that Nathaniel Davis was the first settler and owner. His father, a resident of Portsmouth, purchased the land just before the breaking out of the Revolution, for about one hundred dollars. Near the close of the last century, Mr. Davis, who was familiarly known as "Uncle Nat.," settled here and constructed a road and bridge to the main land. He afterwards married and reared a family of twelve children, among whom were John, who died at Lake Village a few years ago, and Eleazer, who at present is president of the Citizens' National Bank at Tilton. Frank, the oldest son, settled upon the island, built a house and barn upon the east side; another of the boys emigrated to the West. Of the girls, one married Jeremiah Thyng, a former resident of Gilford, and another, Capt. Gordon of the Weirs.

In its prosperous days the farm was one of the most valuable in the vicinity, yielding nearly one hundred tons of hay, and other products in considerable quantities. Soon after the death of Mr. Davis it passed into other hands and has since had several owners. The wood and timber has been cleared from the island, and it is now used as a pasture.

The site of the first house is still plainly discernable beside the road, about half way up the hill. The "Mansion House," erected in 1873 by [illegible] buildings at the "Frank Place" were soon after removed to Lake Village. The only buildings now standing upon the island is an old shed under the willows at the bridge, and three small camps used by fisherman in winter.

The view from the northern side, upon a recent visit, was magnificent. The distant White and Sandwich mountains, with Red Hill and Ossipee in the foreground, each crowned with the early snows of the winter, and glowing with the rays of the setting sun; while mountain, island and sky were mirrored in the clear water, making a picture never to be forgotten.

Upon the southern knoll is a little, lonely enclosure, overrun with grass, and contains the graves of Mr. Davis, his two wives and daughter, and a young man named Cawley. From these lonely tombstones I ascertained that he was born in 1778, and died in 1857, aged 79 years. His first wife, Polly, died in 1815, aged 32, and his second wife, Clarissa, died in 1868, aged 80 years. The daughter, Polly S., was born in 1813, and died in 1842, at the age of 28. There are also a number of other graves in the enclosure which are unmarked by tombstones.

The island, with the groves in the vicinity, are a favorite resort for picnic and camping parties. The enterprising publishers of the Manchester *Union*, Messrs. Hutchins, Reidell & Co., have erected in "Union Grove" a snug little hotel, dance hall and several small cottages for the public accommodation.

At the entrance of the by-road stands a relic of "ye old olden time," in the shape of an ancient school house; which has been browned and bleached by the storms of three quarters of a century. Like Whittier's school house, which furnished him a beautiful subject for his poem, "In School Days," no change is manifested in its appearance.

"Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by rude official;
The warping floor, the battered seat,
The jackknife's carved initial."

Half a century ago it was filled with pupils, many of them men and women grown, but like all of our country schools the attendance has dwindled down until at present it contains not more than a dozen small scholars.

BLOSSOM.

Lydia Randall, who has been gone from home for the last twelve years in Michigan, is on here visiting her sister, Mrs. James H. Thompson.

On Thanksgiving Frank M. Hilliard went hunting with his gun and came in with six rabbits.

James H. Thompson has bought a nice little horse of O. S. Piper at a good price we should think.

It is a noteworthy fact that the present British and Foreign Bible society is built on the spot in Earl street, London, where three hundred years ago a body of fanatics burned every copy of the Bible that could be found, and then congratulated themselves that the book was destroyed. The book is now printed in one hundred and seventy-eight different languages.

NEW HAMPTON.

The village town school commenced last week Monday. Mr. Davis who met with good success last term, is teacher.

The ladies are commencing to work upon their public meeting which is to come Wednesday evening of the fifth week.

There seems to be quite a call for dry wood which seems to be quite scarce and is now selling for upward of $5.00 per cord.

T. E. Harris' broken leg is gaining very slowly and it will doubtless be many weeks before he will be able to bear his weight upon it.

The winter term of the N. H. Institution, began Monday of last week with a large number of students both new and old while several more are expected.

On Tuesday evening of next week, the Ladies' Benevolent Society will give a supper in Independence Hall, the proceeds to go towards purchasing a new organ.

John Dyer has been at home for some time visiting friends and relatives, also for the purpose of regaining his health, but has returned recently to his business as bookkeeper for one of the Boston firms.

The gold mine discovered by Mr. Palmer on Carter mountain, some weeks ago, where he has been at work with several men, who report the outlook to be very good.

The winter term of school at the Institution which commenced November 21st, shows a large increase from that of former years. There are upwards of 180 students at present. The students were permitted to have a sociable in the Hall Thanksgiving eve., where some three hours was passed very pleasantly forming new acquaintances and renewing old ones. H.

ASHLAND.

F. M. Hughes, took the morning train for Boston, last Monday.

Mrs. J. N. Peavey's new house will soon be ready for occupancy.

Dr. Hurd, who has a summer residence on Shepard Hill, Holderness, was in town the 20th.

Stated meeting of Mr. Prospect Lodge of Masons, will be held next Monday evening.

Collin's mill, for about two months past running on half time—is now running on full time.

Miss Lizzie Deane returned last Thursday, from a seven week's visit to friends in Massachusetts.

Samuel Blanchard and wife returned last Saturday from visiting friends and relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hersey and daughter, of Tilton, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. John Jewett.

[illegible] situated on the river road, in East Bridgewater is for sale at Auction the 3d inst.

Mrs. Sarah E. Cheney left town the first of the week, for Manchester to visit her sister, Mrs. Briggs, wife of Congressman Briggs.

D. B. Cummings had a seven months old pig slaughtered a few days since, which weighed, when dressed, 370lbs. Let us hear from other big pigs.

The residents of this place, who attended the Thanksgiving Ball at Meredith last week, say that the Ball was a success and that they had a very good time.

The Nudd, or Piper farm, located two and one half miles from this village, in the Eastman and Blanchard neighborhood, is to be positively sold at auction the 7th, at two o'clock, P. M.

C. C. Emery of Mazeppa, Minnesota, son of the late John Emery of New Hampton, was in town recently, after twenty-six years absence. He is in business as butcher, and appears to be doing a good business.

STATE ITEMS.

Telephonic communication has been established between Newmarket and Exeter.

The *Northern Advocate*, published at Claremont, has been purchased by E. R. Muzzey of Rutland, Vt.

Mrs. Hiram Ware of Plainfield, a lady 76 years of age, has completed a patchwork quilt containing 8300 pieces.

Dr. Huntly of Whitefield shot a wild goose on the pond near his house a few days ago that measured five feet six inches from tip to tip of outstretched wings.

Mr. Robert Ermne, of Franklin, is put down as the introductory speaker next class-day at Dartmouth college. He is in the Chandler scientific department.—*Merrimack Journal.*

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association have awarded a bronze medal to D. D. Pennover, of Dover, for his exhibition of roofing paint at the recent expositon in Boston.

S. M. Smith, agent of the United States and Canada Express Company at Lake Village, has sent in his resignation, to take effect December, 1st Albert D. Plummer has been appointed his successor.

An attempt was made Wednesday evening between seven and eight o'clock by some unknown person to garrote Capt. William Robinson, of Dover, as he was wending his way homeward from the postoffice. The assailant made the attack from behind, but the victim struggled so valiantly that the rascal loosed his grip and took to his heels.

A few days ago, Peter Morrill, employed at Clement & Co.'s mill at Gorham, was struck by a slab thrown from a circular saw sustaining fractures of the skull above the right eye and the right nasal bone. His physicians are of the opinion that his injuries will not result fatally although the case is a doubtful one.

Samuel S. Rollins, cashier of the Somersworth National Bank at Great Falls for more than twenty years, and president of the savings bank, died suddenly of heart disease Friday afternoon just as he had entered the bank after returning form the funeral of James M. Tebbetts, another prominent citizen of the town. Mr. Robbins was a native of Lebanon, Me., but had resided in Somersworth for forty years.

A pocket-book containing money and papers to the value of several thousand dollars was lost by one of our prominent manufacturers, between Saturday night and Monday morning. Strict search was made without success until Tuesday, when the wife of the loser discovered the valuables between the clothes and board at the foot of his bed, they having slipped out of his coat pocket while hanging there.—*Keene Republican.*

A three-story wooden building in Farmington, owned by E. B. Small and occupied by M. W. Small, grocer, Mrs. Lucy Small, milliner, E. B. Small, hardware and furniture dealer, and several secret societies, was partially destroyed by fire early Saturday morning. The building is damaged to the extent of $3000; insurance $2000. Mrs. Small's stock was badly damaged by fire and water; insurance $1200. The lodge property was nearly destroyed, although the society's books were saved. E. B. and M. W. Small were fortunate enough to have most of their stock out.

WHO SHOULD BOW FIRST?

Some authorities insist that a gentleman should not bow to a lady until she bows to him. A certain authority says that this is all wrong. "A gentleman should always bow first to a lady, no matter whether she returns it or not. If he sees by her face that she does not wish to return it, he can refrain from bowing the next time." This is on the ground that "a lady, particularly an elderly one, or a society leader, perhaps, has so many acquaintances that she does not remember all the young men that have been presented." This, however, does not settle the question conclusively, for it may be that the young man has quite as many acquaintances as the lady, even if an elderly one. He may himself, too, very likely be a society leader; in fact, a very large number of the leaders of society of the present are of what would have been considered fifty years ago a comparatively immature age.

AGRICULTURAL.

POTATOES.

This excellent vegetable is a native of America. It was unknown to the ancients, and is a rich and rare gift from the New World to the Old. It is interesting and instructive to trace its history by the dim light of the past from the discovery down to our times. The name potato is supposed to be a corruption of the Italian word "batata." The various European nations tortured it into their languages as follows: English, potato; Spanish, battata; French, patate; Italian, patata; Portugese, batatu; Spanish America, papas. The potato was first found in spontaneous abundance in latitude thirty-five, south, in the mountains near Valparaiso, about the year 1550. It has since been found upon the mountains of Central America and Mexico, although Humbolt concludes that it was unknown to the Mexicans at the time of Corter's invasion. He further thinks that it traveled north in the course of the Incas in their conquests, and that the potato is not indigenous in that part of the Cordilleras situated under the equator.

Farmers should look their buildings over and all loose boards nailed tight and all cracks properly stopped. Farm implements and tools should be well oiled, painted and put away in a snug, dry place. Animals intended for the market should have extra care—see that they are kept warm and comfortable, and fed regularly. This is of great importance and applies to all animals. Water should not be forgotten as they require it now constantly. Let all your farm animals be well taken care of. It pays. Look to the pigs and see that they are protected from the storms and see that they have dry warm sleeping pens. Farmer Slack lets his hens roost in the trees or on the fence, but Mr. Tidy has a neat hen house, and plenty of food and they reward him with plenty of fresh eggs during the winter, and at thirty cents a dozen many of the family wants can be supplied at the store. Colts will relish a little grain and some cut feed these wintry days. Let the boys handle them carefully or rather pet them a little every day during the winter and get them broken in by degrees, ready for spring work. Nothing is lost by the gentle care of all our farm animals. "The far off mountains stand out in dazzling whiteness against the blue sky and the north wind sounds through the naked trees with a sullen fitful moan, "and earth in her mourning vestments clad, for the dying year looks drear and sad." The farmer who has a snug home and raises good crops is the most independent being on this little planet. J. H. L.

SHEEP bear more exposure than any other of our domestic animals (not even excepting horses, not worked) that is, exposure to the weather, but not without shelter from storms. The ewes ought to be in lamb by this time, and must be kept doing well. Half a pint of corn a day each will go far towards keeping them in good condition. Weed out all those which show signs of weakness, have poor teeth, etc., and fatten them if you can.

PATENTS

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WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

The Largest and Best Selected Stock of

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SOLID GOLD AND PLATED JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, ETC.,

That was ever seen in Meredith.

Rogers' No. 12 Silver Plated Knives, $3.50 a dozen!

And all kinds of Silver Ware as low as can be bought *anywhere.*

☞ Repairing promptly attended to. ☜

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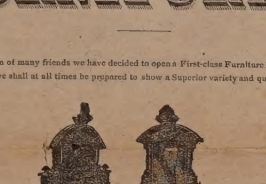
By the solicitation of many friends we have decided to open a First-class Furniture Department, in which we shall at all times be prepared to show a Superior variety and quality of



Parlor Suits, Chamber Sets

(In both Ash and elegant Painted Designs,)

Sofas, Lounges, Lounging Chairs, Sinks, Bureaus, Dining Chairs, Settees, Bedsteads, Mirror-Plates Mattresses, Feathers, and in fact everything usually found in a Furniture Store. Call and see our new Combination Rocker and Baby Cradle, also, our Combination Lap-Board and Table.

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Respectfully,

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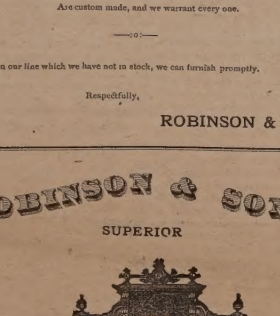

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Organs containing from one to four full registers of reeds, with all the modern improvements necessary to the make-up of a perfect instrument.

We employ no agents, and can and will give you the benefit of the Agent's commission.

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Cured without blistering. After 20 years private use I now offer this Spavin and Ringbone Liniment to the public; it is put up in pint bottles, and when used according to directions, I warrant a cure when not more than six months standing or money refunded. I have curedwhen standing one year.

It is one of the best liniments in use for sprains of horses.

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Meredith, N. H.

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ADJUSTABLE

Sieve!

For Cleaning Grain of all Foul Seeds, thereby getting the more healthy kernels for sowing; also for cleaning and sorting Beans, Peas, etc.

A. S. CLOUGH, Manufacturer.

Meredith Village, N. H., April 21, 1881.

I observed, while threshing grain last fall, that where men had used Clough's Adjustable Sieve to screen the seed, the straw was nearly one-third larger than where it had not been so screened; the kernels were larger, the straw was heavier, and the crop was better every way. GEORGE A. TATE.

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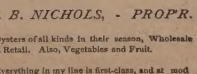

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MEREDITH WEEKLY

NEWS

JOB PRINTING

ESTABLISHMENT.

GOOD WORK

—AT—

LOW RATES.

MEREDITH AND VICINITY.

Thursday, December 1, 1881.

CHURCHES.

Congregational.—Services at 11 A. M., and 5 P. M., Sundays; Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Rev. G. L. Bard, Pastor.

Baptist.—Services at 11 A. M., and 5:30 P. M. Sundays; Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Rev. James Graham, Pastor.

Freewill Baptist.—Services at 11 A. M., and 5:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. ——— ———Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

Chocorua Lodge, No. 83, F. & A. M.
Date of meetings for 1881:—Jan. 12, Feb 9, Mar. 9, April 13, May 11, June 8, July 13, Aug. 3, Sept. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 2 and Dec. 30.
Charles D. Melcon, W. M., George W. Cilley, Sec.

Belknap Lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F.
Meetings every Monday evening.
D. A. Ambrose, N. G., F. P. Carey, S.

Geo. S. Cram Post, G. A. R., No. 54.
Meetings every Friday evening, at 7 30 o'clock.
Capt. J. W. LANG, Jr., Commander.
C. C. Whittier, Adjutant.

Waukewan Lodge, No. 91, I. O. G. T.
Meetings every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.
Geo. Bartlett, W. C. T., C. F. Bixby, Sec.

Blue Ribbon Club.
Meetings every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.
James H. Plaisted, Pres't.

P. C. & M. R. R.

Trains leave Meredith Village, as follows:
Downward—1:54, 8:18 A. M., 1:52, 5:58 P. M.
Upward—12:18, 12:31, 4:30, 10:12 P. M.
L. A. Dodge, Genl Manager.

Meredith Centre Mail.

Leaves Meredith Centre each day (Sundays excepted,) at 12 M.
Returning, leave Meredith Village at 2 P. M.
JOHN L. GILDDEN.

The NEWS is left on sale at the stores of P. A. Ellsworth, Dr. F. L. Mason and Geo. S. Bartlett, at three cents per copy.

Communications, Advertisements etc., for this paper, must reach us on or before Wednesday noon, to insure publication the same week.

E. C. Mansfield is in Boston this week.

Notice Miss Osgood's Card in another column.

Fred. Chauncy is making repairs about his buildings.

Dr. J. H. Sanborn of Franklin, has been in town recently.

That Ice Cream was delicious. We tried a little ourselves.

Iron hitching posts are being placed in front of the Post Office.

Mr. T. L. Wadleigh has gone on a business trip to New York.

A. V. Pendexter has "stuck out his shingles" on Prescott's Block.

Wilson & Moody have been investing in an elegant new chair. Call and see it.

The next dancing school will be held in the Town Hall, on Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. A. Lang has charge of the store of Miss Orra Osgood, during the latter's absence.

Mr. Geo. G. Fogg comes out at last with a hen's egg, which measures six by eight inches.

We have received an unusual number of new subscribers this week, and still they continue to come.

A lady living on High street informs us that she disposed of seven Ice Creams at the Fair on Tuesday evening.

The members of the Free Will Baptist Society are to give a pound party in their Chapel to-morrow evening. All are invited.

The Ladies of the North Church Society will serve a clam chowder in their Chapel, on Wednesday evening of next week. A cordial welcome to all.

Advertisers who are desirous of space for ther Holiday Announcements, will do well to secure it at once, as we are receiving several applications already.

Make your distant relative a present of a year's subscription to the NEWS. It will be a source of pleasure to him which will visit him the year around. $1.25 pays for it.

We publish this week an article entitled "Davis Island," being another contribution kindly presented us by Mr. E. A. Philbrick.

Next week we shall commence the publication of a very interesting series of letters from Washington, D. C., which we trust will be well received by our readers.

The Thanksgiving Ball was much the largest of any before given in this place, and a general good time which wound up in the small hours of the morning, is reported by all present.

Mr. Wm. O. Clough of Nashua, J. F. and E. H. Clough of Manchester, and F. J. Bennett of Billerica, Mass., were among the former residents of this place, who spent Thanksgiving in town.

About 140 friends assembled at the Baptist Vestry, Wednesday evening of last week, to attend the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Graham. Cake was passed and the evening was made merry with congratulations and a general social talk.

The Ladies' Missionary Society connected with the Free Baptist Church, will hold a Festival at their rooms next Thursday evening. There will be a supper followed by literary exercises by members of the Subbath School. Admission 10 cents. All are cordially invited.

Mr. W. M. Leonard has removed his family to Lake Village, where he will be engaged in the hostery business. Those of our citizens who have formed an acquaintance with the family of Mr. L. regret to have them leave, although their stay with us has been of short duration. They go followed by the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

Telephonic communication is now complete to this place, and private boxes will be put in at once for those who wish. Miss Orra E. Osgood, the American Twist Drill Co., and Sam. Hodgson have engaged boxes; while others are contemplating their use. Fifteen cents is charged for a five minute's talk or a message sent from the Central Office.

The office is now open for business along the line and a list of those having boxes in this and other towns will soon be posted in public places.

An unknown man who was riding throught our place one day last week, in a gig, received a sudden, and strange to say not a very serious shock, by his horse suddenly stopping, falling down and precipitating him to the frozen ground, where he struck on his head and shoulders, after turning a complete somersault. He arose, brushed himself and said to the by-standers, who had closed up to the scene: "I have got turned around in this place, and don't know where I am," and mounting his gig went on his way rejoicing.

Thanksgiving Day eve, there was a large gathering of nearly fifty guests at the house of Mr. Gilman Webster in Center Harbor, on the occasion of the marriage of the eldest daughter, Etta, to Mr. Alonzo Corliss of Manchester, recently of Centre Harbor. The marriage service was performed by Rev. Mr. Erskine, after which very nice cake was passed. Some of the bride's friends presented her with some very nice presents, consisting of silver knives, spoons, napkin rings, butter knife and pickle fork, vases, etc. The party enjoyed a very pleasant evening, wishing the couple a happy and useful life in their new home in Manchester.

The first evening of the Grand Army Fair was very well attended. The attractions of the evening were a Fancy Table, Confectionery Table, Ice Cream Table, an Antiquarian Supper, together with the usual amusements for the children, consisting of a Post Office, Express Office, etc. The "Devil Among the Tailors" attracted considerable attention, which resulted in a prize of a Silver Mug to the person who made the largest record, which was awarded to Mr. Ned. Glidden of Centre Harbor, who scored 350. The web of sheeting was drawn by Mrs. Ira Davis, while the other prizes were announced last evening. The first evening was apparently a success, and as we go to press before the closing night we shall be unable to make a full report this week.

Arrivals at the Elm House: 24th, E. A. Hemisway, Boston; G. H. Stone and wife, Miss A. F. Haywood. Miss A. B. Allen, L. K. Ford, Fred. S. Whitney, W. H. Swain, James M. Dorr, Daniel E. Webster, W. F. Thompson, Lake Village; George W. Ross, John B. Corliss, Paul Sherbut, Fred. A. Field, Laconia; E. C. Bean, E. P. Thompson, Belmont; J. M. Ferguson, Centre Harbor; Ethan Chase, Meredith; L. B. Hull, Geo. C. Rowe, Mrs. Geo. C. Rowe, Mrs. R. R. D. Dearborn, B. S. Wadleigh, H. B. Ladd, Ashland; David Story, Hotel Weirs, F. L. Judkins and lady, Fred. Jewell, Moultonboro'; Ed. Leavitt, Concord. 25th, Joseph Lavelly; Samuel Smith, Sandwich; E. S. Cram, Laconia; Wm. B. Jones, Northampton, N. Y. 26th, C. A. Norton, Plymouth; Chas. Berry, Glovesville, N. Y. 28th, C. P. Lougee, Tilton; G. C. Sanborn, Grank H. Champlin, Laconia; I. A. Sutherland, Portland; N. Southwick, Manchester; Chas. H. Gay, Boston; D. A. Marsh, Franklin; R. L. Durant, Claremont. 29th, Chas. H. Gleason, Portland; Daniel S. Rowe, Daniel Rowe, C. A. Chickering, Boston; J. M. Dow, Bristol; L. M. Sawyer, Weare; H. L. Hanson, Lebanon; R. F. Dyer, Portland.

The following we clip from the *Belknap Tocsin* relating to an article published in a recent edition of the NEWS:

"In justice to our valued correspondent 'Granite,' author of 'Recollections of an Octogenian,' we deem it proper to state that the article entitled 'Meredith Parade,' published last week in the Meredith *Weekly News* and copied with avidity by the Lake Village *Times*, purporting to be written for the *News* by E. A. Philbrick, was *stolen* almost entire from one of a series of sketches prepared by 'Granite' for, and published in, the *Lakeside News* several months ago, and which series, with the author's permission, is now being reproduced in the TOCSIN. Granite can have no objections to his articles being copied, but doubtless expects them to be properly credited."

In justice to ourselves, we have but to say in reply that the article above referred to, was brought and presented to us in manuscript, by Mr. Philbrick, personally, and that we had no knowledge whatever of its former publication. We have been told by an "editor" much better versed in the newspaper business than ourselves, that we are responsible for articles appearing in our publication, that have ever been in print before without giving credit for the same. We don't intend to "*steal*" articles from any paper, and never have nor never will when we know it. We can but remark that the *Tocsin* has placed us in rather a bad light in the above article, and we feel in duty bound to defend ourselves. We sincerely hope that the new acquisition to the editorial staff of the *Tocsin* may revise such articles as may be contributed to his valuable paper, so that those contributors who never write but to "steal from others" may be placed as far in the dark as possible. Those people who are continually finding fault with others are apt to be found in the wrong themselves.

MEREDITH CENTRE.

The atmosphere is clear and cold, and the boys are having fine time for skating.

Mrs. Charles Swain has now a sister from Gilmanton visiting with her.

Mr. Lane Plummer, the Postmaster, is now quite sick. He has been unwell for some time.

Edwin Cate came home for Thanksgiving, several of his Boston friends were with him. The usual home gathering was largely enjoyed. The sociable at Mr. John H. Batchelder's was well attended on Thursday evening, the occasion being pleasant for all.

Mr. G. L. P. Corliss, the well-known butcher, is now in pursuit of a dark red, two year's old heifer, which strayed from his pasture a little more than two weeks ago. She was purchased at the Harbor a little time before. She was in good condition when last seen. Any information concerning the lost property would doubtlessly be gratefully received as an aid to her discovery.

Thanksgiving day of honorable mention as proclaimed by the early fathers of the country, to be observed annually at the ingathering of the harvest as a time for social festivities, and as a grateful acknowledgement for the bountiful benefaction of our true and loving Father in heaven, has descended to us, bearing many sweet reminiscences. Not only pleasure was the original intent of this consecrated day, but devotion and spiritual enlargement, as well. Now it is to be feared that the latter has become too much subservient to the former. When the day shall be kept throughout the land, with devout recognition of dependance upon God, and humiliiation at the sacred altar, then will it tend with other religious days and institutions to elevate individuals, communities and the nation to a higher moral status, and point to a prosperity distinct and certain.

CENTRE HARBOR.

Work is stopped on the Bates place.

Rev. Mr. Davis will supply the pulpit at the Neck road, for the coming six weeks.

Our steam saw mill on the Lady wharf is on the move for pastures new, and now the sawdust war will end.

Mr. French, our shoemaker, has moved into rooms adjoining his shop. His patrons will be sure of always finding him in.

Mr. Ed. Blake and wife have gone up north on a deer hunt. We have the promise of venison cutlets for Sunday's dinner.

One of our citizens, Mr. Benj. Mooney sold his farm last spring, and has purchased a beautiful one of 200 acres, at Ossipee Center. Our town loses one of her best citizens.

Fred Brown "takes the cake" for fishing. On Thanksgiving day he took the necessary tackle for the fun he was bound to have, the hole hedged in with a long board. It wasn't long before he was hanging to that board for dear life. After fishing out his pocket book, he adjourned to the house.

Mrs. Frank Hildreth of Moultonboro' died very suddenly on Saturday evening last. She gave birth to a boy the Wednesday preceding her death. She leaves a little girl of three years. This is peculiarly sad, as she was only nineteen years of age, and leaves a husband, little older, who is very low with consumption.

SANDWICH.

Our traders are beginning to display holiday goods.

There are several pairs of good working oxen for sale in this vicinity.

Better get those stray sheep home from the mountain, pretty hard picking for them now.

"Witherell Bros." gave an entertainment at Village Hall, Thanksgiving evening. The hall was crowded, but we liked Alf Martz's variety troupe much the best.

The Young Men's Christian Association are holding meetings here during the present week. They have visited this section considerably during the past few years.

Various Causes—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and lasting in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colorless; contains neither oil nor dye; and will not soil or color white caubric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume.

For sale by all druggists.

BIRTHS.

In New Hampton, Nov. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. A. Reynolds, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In Centre Harbor, Nov. 24, at the home of the bride's father, by Rev. J. Erskine, Mr. Alonzo Corliss and Miss Marietta Webster, both of Centre Harbor.

In Centre Harbor, Nov. 22, by Rev. C. B. Moody, assisted by Rev. Almon Benson, John F. Martin of Laconia and Miss Jennie A. Horn of Moultonboro'.

In Moultonboro', Nov. 29, by Rev. C. B. Moody, Elroy G. Bartlett and Imogene A. Evans, both of Moultonboro'.

DEATHS.

In Moultonboro', Nov. 26, Mrs. Frank Hildreth, aged 19 years.

A CARD.

I would respectfully inform the Ladies of Meredith and vicinity that I will leave for Boston, Dec. 5th, p. m. for the purpose of buying Holiday Goods, and any order in before noon on Monday will be promptly filled.

I also desire to thank the ladies who have so liberally patronized me in the two months since I opened, and trust with the services of Mrs. J. A. Lang, and a large and well selected stock of Holiday Goods, to please all who may call upon me. O. E. OSGOOD,
Town Hall Building, Meredith, N. H.

A CARD TO THE LADIES !

For the accomodation of Ladies who wish their hair cut, dressed, or shampooed, I will visit them at their homes on due notice, for the same rates as when done at the shop.

13tf F. B. WILSON.

CHURCH ORGAN

For Sale at a Great Bargain!

A large Reed Organ, suitable for Church or Chapel. Three full registers of reeds and pedal bass. All in perfect order. Price only $50.

ROBINSON & SON.

MILLINERY.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED FROM

--NEW- - -YORK--

I have the most stylish shapes in

Hats and Bonnets,

Both trimmed and untrimmed.

Latest novelties in Plushes, Velvets Satins, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, &c.

I would invite the Ladies of Meredith and vicinity to call and examine my goods.

LOWEST PRICES.

Am respectfully yours,

12-13tf M. EVA DEARBORN.

FRANK E. BICKFORD,

—AGENT FOR THE—

"WHITE"

SEWING MACHINE,

—FOR—

MEREDITH AND VICINITY.

Light-running, Simple in construction, Cheapest, Best and Largest Family Sewing Machine in the World.

Shall commence canvassing the towns of Meredith, Centre Harbor, New Hampton, Sanbornton, Laconia and Gilford at once.

Wait till I come if you are in want of a First-Class Machine.

Orders by mail promptly responded to.

17-3m

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

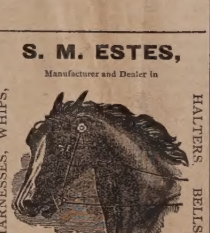
FRENCH,

THE GROCER,

UNDER TOWN HALL.

S. M. ESTES,

Manufacturer and Dealer in



HARNESSES, WHIPS, HALTERS, BELLS,

SOAP, OILS, ETC.

Carriage Trimming, and Repairing Done.

Agent for the Patent Metallic Horse Brush and Curry Comb combined.

Beede's Block, Meredith, N. H

37tf

BUSINESS LIVELY!

We would inform the people of Meredith and vicinity that we are still alive, and are prepared to show a fine stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, GRAIN, HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, SALT, LIME, PRODUCE, &c.

At prices which *we are determined shall not be beaten.*

We thank the public for their liberal patronage n the past, and shall endeavor to merit our share in the future. Respectfully,

J. H. KNOWLES & CO

DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSET.

Boned with a New Material,

called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A Reward of $10

will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable, and very comfortable and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

For sale by leading Merchants. Price by mail $2.25.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

GEO. S. BARTLETT,

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

—AND DEALER IN—

All the leading Patent Medicines, Toys, Books Stationery, Periodicals, Nuts, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars Etc.

Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded day or night.

Main St., Meredith, N. H.

1tf

R. P. BROWN,

Livery Stable.

Single or Double teams kept in readiness at all hours of day or night. Drivers furnished when desired.

We have on hand a three-seated wagon in fine order, for sale cheap.

Rear Bartlett's Drug Store, Meredith, N. H.

1tf

1881. FALL and WINTER. 1881.

J. S. WADLEIGH,

MERCHANT

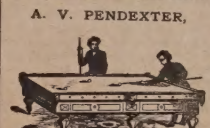
TAILOR.

Fall and Winter Styles, Woolens and Trimmings just received. Samples of the very latest styles Suitings on hand, from which a suit may be ordered and made up at short notice.

We have also in stock an excellent line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Wiggin's Block, Meredith, N. H.

A. V. PENDEXTER,



BILLIARD SALOON.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, Nuts, Canned Goods, and all kinds of Fruit in its season.

Prescott's Block, Meredith Village, N. H.

Thorough-bred Ayrshire Bull,

"HARRY HAYES."

Bred by Charles Hayes & Son, of Portsmouth. At farm of I. S. Vittum, Meredith Neck, N. H

IRON TURNINGS

For use about

FRUIT TREES,

Price 20 cents per 100 lbs. For Sale by

AMERICAN TWIST DRILL CO.

9tf Meredith Village, N. H.

DANIEL NORRIS,

Keeps on hand Gilt and Black Walnut

PICTURE FRAME MOULDINGS,

And different sizes of Picture Frames, Picture Frame Glass, Cords, Window Glass from 7x9 to 26x30, Paper and Hollands for curtains, Curtain Fixtures, also Black Walnut and Cloth Covered

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

Of all sizes with Handles and Trimmings.

Has also a good new and light one-horse Wagon for sale. All articles at the lowest prices. Please call and examine.

TOWN HALL STORE,

23m Meredith, N. H.

WILSON & MOODY,

Ladies' and Genis'

HAIR DRESSERS.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty.

Hair Oil, Soap, and Bay Rum for sale.

Prescott's Block, - - - Up Stairs
Meredith Village, N. H.

MEREDITH

MILK FARM.

The Subscriber is prepared to furnish customers with Milk in any desired quantity.

JOHN DEARBORN.

LACONIA, N. H.

W. F. KNIGHT & CO.

FALL AND WINTER
1881 & 1882.

ELEGANT DISPLAY

DRY AND FANCY GOODS,

RICH DRESS GOODS.

And Trimmings.

FINE, AND MEDIUM GRADE

WOOLENS

For Suitings, Overcoatings, Pantings, Cloakings, Ulsters.

MANUFACTURERS OF CUSTOM CLOTHING.

UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, CARDIGANS, GLOVES, for Ladies, Gents, Misses and Children. FLANNELS, BLANKETS, WORSTEDS YARNS, CORSETS, RIBBONS, NUBIAS, HOODS.

Agents for the sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S justly celebrated PATTERNS of Garments for Ladies, Misses, and Children. Catalogues sent free on application.

N. B. It is no guess work; by large sales, goods bought at the very lowest cash prices and small expenses, we know that we can and do give better bargains in Dry Goods than can be found.

W. F. KNIGHT & CO.

153tf

MRS. DINSMORE'S ENGLISH

Tonic Bitters.

These well-known and unrivalled BITTERS, are prepared by a peculiar and elaborate chemical process, from rare plants and herbs, and entirely free from all mineral, acid, and other noxious ingredients, have been long found to be the most useful in Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Disease of the Liver and Kidneys, and irritability of the Bowels.

In all cases of Debility, whether *resting from* illness, fatigue, or other causes, they may prove eminently serviceable and afford *invaluable benefit;* and being devoid of all spirituous and other injurious stimulants, may be given with happiest effects to *young children,* correcting in them the tendency to the generation of worms and other Bowel Complaints.

FOR FEMALES,

These Bitters are peculiarly suitable, giving tone and vigor to the system, and imparting new strength to the frame, which protracted nursing or other exhausting causes may have impaired. They have been extensively and successfully used by the Medical Faculty, many of whose most distinguished members in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Canadas, have given ample testimony in their favo as a

SUBSTITUTE FOR WINE, BRANDY, &c.,

In diseases where these noxious stimulants have hitherto been used with doubtful and precarious efficacy.

This is not made up of receipts taken from newspapers and heaped upon the public, as thousands of others are, but was obtained through years of study by J. G. Sharp, one of the great chemists of the old country with whom Mrs. Dinsmore studied, and was for years associated in the manufacture of this and numerous other medicines.

It is confidently recommended to the public as a reliable family medicine.

Trade Supplied by Albert A. Kidder & Co., Meredith, N. H.

WATCHES

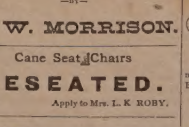
AT A SACRIFICE!

CHAINS

AT A DISCOUNT!!

JEWELRY

AT GREAT BARGAINS!!!



Repairs and Engraving at Bottom Rates.

—AND IN THE—

HIGHEST STYLE OF ART,

—BY—

C. W. MORRISON.

Cane Seat Chairs

RESEATED.

Apply to Mrs. L. K ROBY.

EMPLOYMENT

FOR ALL.

To Sell a Household Article.

THE poor as well as the rich, the old as well as the young, the wife as well as the husband, the young maidens as well as the young man, the girl as well as the boy, may just as well earn a few dollars in honest employment, as to sit around the house and wait for others to earn it for them. We can give you employment, all the time, or during your spare hours only; traveling, or in your own neighborhood, among your friends and acquaintances. If you do not care for employment, we can impart valuable information to you free of cost. It will cost you only one cent for a Postal card to write for our Prospectus, and it may be the means of making you a good many dollars.

Do not neglect this opportunity. You do not have to invest a large sum of money and run a great risk of losing it. You will readily see that it will be an easy matter to make from $50. to $100. a week, and establish a lucrative, and independent business, honorable, straightforward and profitable. Attend to this matter NOW, for there is MONEY IN IT for all who engage with us. We will surprise you and you will wonder why you never wrote to us before. WE SEND FULL PARTICULARS FREE. Address BUCKEYE M'F'G CO.,

106m (Name this paper.) MARION, OHIO.

MARKET.

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry, Corned Beef, Salt Pork (Northern,) Hams, Bologna Sausage, Lard, Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Beans, Etc.

Cash paid for Hides, Pelts and Skins.

Also, for sale,

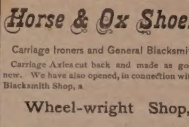
CLOUGH'S ADJUSTABLE SIEVE,

For separating Grain, Foul seeds and Blighted Grain, Peas from Oats, Cleaning Beans, Etc.

CLOUGH & McCRILLIS,

Main Street,
Meredith Village, N. H.

E. H. MALOON & CO.,



Horse & Ox Shoers.

Carriage Ironers and General Blacksmiths.

Carriage Axles cut back and made as good as new. We have also opened, in connection with our Blacksmith Shop, a

Wheel-wright Shop,

And are prepared to do any job in that line, in good shape, and at moderate prices.

Wheel rimming a specialty. We have also for sale a good second hand, newly painted wagon, Cheap at $30. Price $25.

All in want of any work in our line give us a call and we will guarantee satisfaction.

MEREDITH RETAIL MARKET.

CORRECTED EACH WEEK.

Maple Sugar, per lb	10
Maple Syrup, per gal	75
Butter, per lb	20 to 25
Cheese, per lb	10 to 15
Eggs, per doz	28
Meal, per 100 lbs	1 70
Potatoes, per bush	1 00
Onions, per bush	1 50
Shorts, per 100 lbs	1 40
Vinegar, per gal	17 to 20
Oats, per bush	60
Flour per bbl	$8 00 to 10 00
Hay, per ton	$14 00 to 15 00
Beans, per bush	$2 75 to 3 00
Poultry, per lb	16 to 24
Sirloin Roast	19 to 15
Lamb	8 to 10
Turnips, per bush	50
Dried Apples, per lb	4 to 5
Oysters, per qt	35 &40
Cod Fish	3 to 7
Cusk	7
Haddock	6 to

MORRIS & IRELAND'S SAFES.

JUST OUT!

MORRIS & IRELAND'S

New Improved Eight-Flange

FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

THE ONLY EIGHT-FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD.

And Containing Our

PATENT INSIDE BOLT WORK,
PATENT HINGED CAP,
FOUR-WHEELED LOCKS,
INSIDE IRON LININGS,
AND SOLID IRON CORNERS.

Latest from Maine.

Lock's Mills, Oxford Co., Me.
Messrs. Morris & Ireland:
Gents:—On the 23d of November, 1879, our spool mill at this place, 50x80, two stories high, was totally consumed by fire, in which there was a large quantity of spool lumber, spools and blocks, all seasoned. The fire burned for 3 1-2 days, and we took out your safes in our mill on Tuesday morning following, eighty-four hours after the fire, it was too hot to handle, being covered with burning blocks. Some time after it was opened and the contents were in a good state of preservation, not a BOOK OR PAPER BEING DESTROYED. I am satisfied with your safes and have purchased another, and can cheerfully recommend them to any one wishing to secure their valuables from destruction by fire.
Yours truly, I. G. TEBBITS.

Tremendous Test.

ROASTING THIRTY HOURS IN A BED OF RED-HOT COALS.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1881.
Morris & Ireland, Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen:—On the night of the fire in our village, the 20th ult., I was in one of your No. 3 Safes. I am pleased to inform you after the floor gave way it fell into the cellar, into a heap of burning coal, where it roasted for 30 hours. Our children and myself gave up the hope of anything being saved in it. On being taken from the ruins I was happily disappointed to find my cash, vouchers and other articles of value perfectly preserved. The combination works well now. I am satisfied your new and improved work, one of which, No. 30, I have ordered of your agent to-day will afford absolute protection in any fire.
Truly yours, E. S. BARNES.

STILL AHEAD.

Rochester, N. H., Dec. 10, 1880.
Messrs. Morris & Ireland:
Dear Sirs:—In the disastrous fire which took place in this town Tuesday morning, Nov. 30, the Morris & Ireland safe in my store was subjected to a severe test, being thrown into the cellar, and a large mass of debris fell upon it, and it was in the ruins some two days. I take pleasure in informing you that upon examination it was opened without trouble and the contents were found to be uninjured. I cheerfully recommend your safes and should I want another I should certainly purchase one from you. Yours truly, C. W. HOWE.

Still Another.

FROM THE GREAT FIRE IN TROY, N. Y.

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1879.
Messrs. Morris & Ireland, Boston:
Gentlemen: After witnessing the charred books out of the safes opened, also one of my own which was another make, which was not in the heat of the fire like the rest, lately purchased of you, which was in the fire over 46 hours, and had to be continually played on during Monday night, as it was completely surrounded with burning anthracite coal and inflammable material. On opening it in the ruins Tuesday afternoon I was pleased to find the contents—books, papers and money—were all preserved in a remarkably good condition With this proof of the fire qualities of your safe we have given your agent an order for one No. 8 safe. Yours respectfully,
DAVIS & CO.

Champion Record

IN THE GREAT BOSTON FIRE OF 1872.

Send for prices and descriptive catalogue before purchasing elsewhere.

MORRIS & IRELAND,

64 SUDBURY ST.,

Boston - - Mass.

SNAKE BITES CURED.

Our doctors and men of science will be sadly remiss if they do not follow up the very promising experiments recently made by M. de Lacerda in the direction of a cure for snake-pite. He has found that permanganate of potash positively counteracts the poison of serpents. In a first series of experiments a solution of the poison was injected into the tissues of dogs, and its effects were, as usual, swellings, abscesses, loss of substance, and destruction of tissues. When, however, one per cent. solution of permanganate of potash had been injected two minutes after the poison these local injuries were quite obviated; there was merely a slight swelling where the syringe-point entered. Injection into the veins was then tried, and the permanganate again succeeded perfectly. In only two cases out of thirty did failure occur, the particular animals being young and badly fed; also, the antidote was given at too long an interval after the poison, when the heart was already tending to stop.

The permanganate, in one series of cases, was introduced half a minute after a solution of venom, and the dog showed no suffering at all beyond agitation and acceleration of the heart for a few minutes. In another series the characteristic mischief caused by the poison was allowed to manifest itself before the antidote was given. After two or three minutes, always in five, every trouble disappeared; a slight general prostration followed for fifteen or twenty-five minutes, after which the animal would walk, and even run about, and resume its normal aspect. Other dogs poisoned similarly, but not receiving the antidote, died more or less quickly. Here is proof, well nigh positive, that Condy's fluid, which contains the permanganate, might save countless lives in India and other snake-haunted lands. The reason seems suggested in M. Pesteur's late experiments—the poison germs are oxygenated into harmlessness. Why, then, might not hydrophobia also yield up its terrible secret to this simple method? It ought to be tried; but as all events no time should be lost by Indian doctors in repeating the processes adopted by M. Lacerda with his dogs, upon the victims of serpent bite.—*English journal.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

FAREWELL!

"It's growing late," said the honey-bee;
"Winter's no sort of weather for me;
I'll hurry away to the hive."
"It's growing cold," said the bustling fly;
"There's going to be plenty of snow by-and-by,
And how will a poor fly thrive."

The cricket piped, "The season is old,
Leaves and grasses are turning to gold;
It's a queer world that changes so;
My chirp has lost its musical tones,
And the north wind bites to my very bones;
I think I had better go."

The squirrel said, "It is growing chill;
The windfalls have gone to the cider mill;
But there's many a chestnut burr
Ready to burst at the frost's first touch,
If snow flies soon, I sha'n't mind much.
Wrapped in my thickening fur."

"The best of the year," trilled the lingering thrush,
"Has left us behind; there's a tender bush
Brooding o'er meadow and dell;
Our nests are all empty, our birdlings have flown;
There is nothing to keep us at home, I most own;
There's nothing to sing but 'Farewell!'"

Good Little Girl.

A little girl once had a bed of strawberries. Very anxious she was that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast!" said her brother to her, one morning as he picked up some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"I cannot eat these," said she, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are the greater treat."

"Yes; but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told us that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries, too."

"Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," said she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Perkins's dying child, who never sees a strawberry, they are so poor."—*Parsy.*

Caste.

We suppose most of our young readers know that the people of far-off Asia have their folk-lore and their fairy stories just as we have them. This is one relating to a quarrel about the stupid question of "caste," which simply means whether one person is of better blood and position than another.

There was once a dog and cat. It was a very rainy day, and some men were eating their dinner inside their house. The cat sat inside, too, eating her dinner, and the dog sat on the door-step. The cat called out to the dog, "I am a high-caste person, and you are a very low caste person." "Oh," said the dog, "not at all. I am the high-caste person, and you are of very low caste. You eat all the mens' dinner up, and snatch the food from their hands just as they are putting it into their mouths. And you scratch them, and they beat you, while I sit away from them, and so they don't beat me. And if they give me any dinner, I'll eat it; but if they don't, I won't." "Oh," says the cat, "not a bit of it. I eat nice clean food; but you eat nasty, dirty food, which the men have thrown away." "No," said the dog, "I am high caste, and you are low caste; for if I gave you a slap you would tumble down directly." "No, no," said the cat. And they went on disputing, and began to fight, until the dog said, "Very well, let us go to the wise jackal and ask him which of us is the better. "Good," said the cat. So they went to the jackal and asked him. Said the cat, "I am of the higher caste, and the dog is of the lower caste." "No," said the jackal, "the dog is of the higher caste." The cat said, "No," and the jackal said, "Yes," and they began to fight.

Then the jackal and the dog proposed to go and ask a great big beast, who lived in the jungle, and was like a tiger. But the cat said, "I cannot go near a tiger, nor anything like one." So then they said, "When we come near the beast you can remain behind, and we will go on and speak to him." So they ran into the jungle where there was a tiger who had been lying on the ground with a great thorn sticking in his foot. When his aunt, the cat, saw him, she scampered off, for she was dreadfully frightened.

The thorn had given the tiger great pain; for a long while he could get no one to take it out, so had lainthere for days. At last he had seen a man passing by, to whom he called and said, "Take out this thorn, and I promise I won't eat you." But the man refused through fear, saying, "No, I won't, for you will eat me." Three times the tiger had promised not to eat him; so at last the man took out the thorn. Then the tiger sprang up and said, "Now I will eat you, for I am very hungry." "Oh, no, no!" said the man. "What a liar you are! You promised not to eat me if I would take the thorn out of your foot, and now that I have done so you say you will eat me." And they began to fight, and the man said, "If you won't eat me, I will bring you a cow and a goat." But the tiger refused, saying, "No, I won't eat them; I will eat you."

At this moment the jackal and the dog came up. And the jackal asked, "What is the matter? why are you fighting?" So then the man told him why they were fighting; and the jackal said to the tiger, "I will tell you a good way of eating the man. Go and fetch a big bag." So the tiger went and fetched the bag, and brought it to the jackal. Then the jackal said, "Get inside the bag and leave its mouth open, and I'll throw the man in to you." So the tiger got inside the bag, and the jackal, the dog, and the man quickly tied it up as tight as they could. Then they began to beat the tiger with all their might until at last they killed him. Then the man went home, and the jackal went home, and the dog went home.—*Young Folks.*

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Mashed potatoes: Boil some potatoes, and pass them through a coarse hair sieve; put them into a saucepan with a good lump of butter and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as they get dry.

Chilblains and frosted feet: Coal oil, such as is used in lamps, poured on the stockings in the morning, will heal up all sores or pains caused by frost. An experience of nearly twenty years proves this. Feet are often frozen without knowing it, caused by too tight boots, or some other obstruction to the circulation of the blood. Coal oil is a sure cure in all such cases.

Muffins: One quart of flour, one pint of warmed milk, one tea-spoonful of salt, half a gill of yeast. Mix at night, and beat until light; in the morning drop the dough into buttered cups; let them stand twenty minutes, then bake and serve. To be eaten with butter and sugar, with a little cinnamon, the pro portion of a tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon to six of powdered sugar.

Scotch barley broth: Take a tea-cupful of pearl or Scotch barley and one gallon of water. Boil gently for half an hour, then add three pounds of lean beef or neck of mutton, some turnips and carrots cut small, some onions and salt, and a pint of green peas, or, in winter, a pint of haricot beans. Let the whole boil gently for two hours, or longer, in a close soup kettle, when the broth will be fit for use.

Currant sweet loaf: Mix two heaping tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar. with one pound of flour; then rub into it four ounces of butter, as for pastry; add eight ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, and one pint of milk, in which one heaping tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved; add a little salt, spice to taste, and bake. The addition of two beaten eggs, and four ounces of citron, makes a rich loaf.

Castle puddings: Two eggs, their weight in butter, flour and white sugar. Put the butter in a pan before the fire till melted, then beat into a cream. Beat the yelks and whites of the eggs together for ten minutes, mix gently with the butter, add the sugar, and then the flour, by degrees, with a very little nutmeg and grated lemon-peel. Put it into five or six cups; half fill them, and bake in a slow oven about half-an-hour.

Birthday cake: Four ounces of currants, four ounces of sultanas, two ounces of citron, six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, one pound of flour, five eggs, a quarter of a tea-spoonful of soda; mix the soda with the flour first, then rub in all the other ingredients; beat the eggs for a quarter of an hour, yelks and whites together, then add them to the mixture; if not quite moist enough, stir in a little milk. Bake for an hour and a half.

Plum pudding without suet: Half-pound of flour; half-pound of currants, half-pound grated carrots, half-pound grated potatoes, quarter pound of butter, two ounces of sugar; mix all together, adding a little salt, and any other approved seasoning; boil in a buttered basin an hour and a half, and serve with sweet sauce. A large spoonful of molasses, is an agreeable addition. Some persons use butter, in the place of suet, for puddings, as it makes them lighter and more digestible.

Beef-steaks: Take the steaks, and after beating them to make them tender, put upon them any quantity of high-seasoned forcemeat, then roll them up and secure their form by skewering. Fry them in mutton drippings or butter, till they become a delicate brown, when they should be taken from the fat in which they have been fried, and put into a stewpan, with some good gravy, and some catsup. When sufficiently stewed, serve them up with the gravy, and a few pickled mushrooms.

Vegetable marrow soup: Take a large and rather old vegetable marrow, two onions, a head of celery, and two ounces of butter. Cut the marrow into slices, and put it into the stewpan with the other ingredients; let them stew for ten minutes, then add three pints of stock and pepper and salt to taste; let all boil gently till the vegetables are quite tender, then pass them through a coarse sieve, and heat the soup before serving to table. The soup should be a sort of puree, being made quite thick with the vegetables.

Curate's pudding: Beat the yelks of two eggs with two ounces of flour, and one table-spoonful of milk; set half-a-pint of milk, less the table-spoonful, on the fire, with two ounces of sugar and two ounces of butter; make them hot, but do not let them boil; when the flour and eggs are beate quite smooth, add the hot milk, etc., also the whites of eggs, beaten very light. Mix thoroughly, and pour into four saucers, buttered and heated hot; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven; when cooked a light-brown color, lay two of them on a dish spread with plum or other jam, place the other two on top, and serve at once.

Plain wedding cake: One pound of flour, one pound of butter, one pound each of currants and chopped sultanas, pound of finely-sifted sugar, eight ounces of citron, and one ounce of sweet and one ounce of bitter almonds well pounded, tea-spoonful of rose water, ten large eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, then add the sugar, and mix well; next the raisins and currants, the chopped citron and almonds. Stir the mixture for two or three minutes. Have whites and yelks of the eggs beaten separately not less than a quarter of an hour each, add the yelks to the cake, and, when well worked in, stir in the flour and whites, adding the rose water last. Beat the whole for ten minutes, place in a tin lined with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven. It will take three and a half hours.

RELIGIOUS.

Our lives are little else but dross;
And yet we fondly deem them free,
Until, with dazzled gaze, we cross
Those rays, O God, that fall from thee.

I would rather feel compunction than know how to define it.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it trents little things, and is not hurt by them.—*Fenelon.*

The hostility of sin is less to be feared than the indifference of sin. It is not the "hot water" of our parishes which we have reason to fear; it is the lead.—*Prof. Austin Phelps.*

Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways and all the ignorance of God and his greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist and theologian.—*George MacDonald.*

Men have no right to drive their horses furiously through a crowded city. Christians will be careful not even to run selfishly, with eagerness, where they may hurt men down. The world must be made to feel that every compact which a Christian man seeks to make with it is a compact for their comfort, support and guidance. A life which does not make this impression is an offensive life, and men may well shut apoint of view selfishness may tolerate, and their ingenuity may frame, but still, it stands to reason, that this kind of life is unchristian. If I be a Christian I must think of others. I must care for them. I must see how I go through the world lest I stumble upon them. A Christian man is not only to abstain from deliberately rushing at a man to knock him down, but he is careful to keep himself from stumbling lest he fall against the man and knock him down.—*Rev. Dr. Deems.*

Prayerless Morality.

How much of Christianity sifts into the life unconsciously! How much of this morality comes directly or indirectly from Christ! We cannot get the influence of Christianity out of the atmosphere. You cannot get away from its influence. One of the greatest living sceptics says, "To see the moral value of a belief in God, we must wait to see a generation grow up on whom this belief has not had the slightest influence, and then the light thrown on the subject may prove possibly to be a very lurid one." Again, a prayerless moral purity is apt to be at a standstill. A man says, "I believe in being on the square, in being an honest man." He feels that he is a great deal better than the man down in the gutter who has begun to believe in Christ. But wait a while. The latter is on the move. The sot is on the way to become a saint. The moralist, on the other hand, years from now, will be just the same man. There is no growth in holiness. Again, prayerless morality is apt to be narrow. It derives with the fury of a Jehu against some one sin, and yet at the same time it leaves the soul open all around to other sins. What is so useless as locking and bolting any front door at night when I have both three or four windows open on the ground floor? Again, this prayerless morality is apt to be superficial. It does not get into the motives of the heart. A man of this kind does right to gain the admiration of society. Yet he may cherish closet sin. And so the greatest religious teacher this world has ever seen buttresses morality on prayer.—*Rev. R. Judson.*

About a Hymn.

There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of Charles Wesley, which led to the writing of one of his sweet hymns: One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the beautiful fields in summertime. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward a little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright, sunny air, in the long grass, or the green fields, there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But, seeing the open window, and the man sitting by it, the bird flew in its terror toward it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble as much as the fluttering little bird did, that nestled in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote the hymn:—

"Jesus, Savior of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

LUCKY WATCH.

David Jones is a miner at the Pottsville, Pa., shafts. He owns a watch which he prizes more now than he did a week ago. The other day It slipped out of his pocket while at work in his breast, and went down the chute with the coal. It was shoveled into a wagon, taken down a plane 135 yards long; arrived at the foot of the shaft, it was reloaded on the cage and taken up 1000 feet to the surface. There it was turned into the breaker, through which it passed with several tons of coal. A slate picker found it. In the meantime Davy discovered his loss, and sent word to the top, and Mark Nagle, the telegraph operator, made search for it, arriving at the breaker just in time to see the boy pick it up. On examination it was found that the only damage the watch sustained was a broken hand.

"In fact, my lord, he's quite a St. Paul," said a gentleman interceding with Bishop Blomfield of London for one able but impecunious divine, not unfamiliar with the inside of debtor's prisons. "Ah," rejoined the prelate, "in prisons oft."

A DRUGGIST in Richmond, O., Mr. E. J. Dunham, writes us the following: "I consider Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup one of the best things made. I use it altogether in my own family, and can therefore recommend it.

BE WISE.

Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

"Heaven made virtue; man the appearance;" and, very naturally, man prefers his own inventions.

It is easy enough to make a man laugh, but to gain his respect at the same time is not so easy a thing.

The man who cannot take care of himself is about as safe among wild-beasts as among his fellow-beings.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence with regard to yourself.

There is no better reward than the approval of our own conscience. It is worth more than all others together.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Soft words may appease an angry man, but bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

M. Muybridge has been shown in Paris, some new photographic wonders. He is now able to take a photograph in 1-100th of a second. During a clown's leap he obtained six photographs, showing different positions. By means of an improved zoetrope, he projects such figures on a screen, so exhibiting a clown in his somersaults, a horse at gallop, a lare cursing, and even birds in flight, etc.

The Effects of Climate.

A climate which suits one healthy often proves so to those unaccustomed to it. The acclimating process seems unusually slow in persons of consumptive habit, however, and medicinal means of acclimating it of which residents and sojourners in unaccustomed or malarious climates have not been slow to avail themselves. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard and acclimating tonic of great value to travelers, invalids, emigrants, tourists, mariners and others whose tastes and pursuits entail exposure, subjection to change of temperature, unusual or unwholesome diet or water, and the fatigue attendant upon long journeys by land or sea, concur in pronouncing it reliable, agreeable and safe. It counteracts a tendency to make the liver, stomach and bowels, very prevalent in malarious regions and the tropics, as a preventive of fever and ague, bilious remittent, kidney troubles, and as a restorative of vigor, it is also held in the highest estimation.

THE lord mayor of London receives a salary of £10,000 per annum. He is elected and serves one year.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY.

At the great Italian Industrial Exhibition just closing in Milan, Italy, the highest awards for musical instruments, a silver medal and diploma, were taken by an American manufacturer, the Mason and Hamlin Organ Company, whose cabinet organs were judged to be so superior that they were the only reed organs of any manufacture, European or American, which were awarded a medal. It is a great honor to these makers that in Italy itself, the very home of music, their organs should receive such distinction. They excited much interest among musicians, and were by special permission exhibited to the royal court by Carlo Ducci, the distinguished artist of Rome.

There is no calamity like ignorance.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

(From Boot Hreeds.)

ORNAMENTAL FURNITURE.—An immense stock, consisting in part of Directing Mirrors, 100 Onyx and Plush-top Tables; 200 Wall Cabinets for chambers and halls; 50 Parlor Cabinets, some very fine; 300 Bouquet-Stands and Tables, fancy marbles; 200 Pedestals for statuary and busts; 50 Mosaic Groups, a complete assortment; 300 Easels for parlor and drawing rooms; 200 Foot Rests for gentlemen; 100 Bleaching Boards; 200 Music Stands, fine patterns; 100 ladies' Work Tables; 100 Writing Desks for ladies; 25 Hall Chairs and Glasses; 200 Fancy Rockers, Reception; 200 Camp Chairs and Rockers; 200 Easy Chairs for gentlemen; 50 Turkish Chairs for gentlemen; 20 Reading Chairs, a splendid variety; 200 Rattan Chairs and Rockers; 100 Patent Rocking Chairs; 250 Mirrors, ebony, gilt, black walnut and mahogany; 200 Children's Chairs; Screens, Japanese, Dutch and Moorish designs, have just been placed in the warerooms of PAINES' manufactory, 48 Canal street, opposite Boston & Maine depot. This stock comprises many rich, elegant pieces.

This world belongs to the energetic.

Increase and Decrease.

The census shows the proportion of voters to the population is 1 to 5. The proportion of persons troubled with kidney and liver disorders has been alarmingly increased since the almost universal use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure these diseases are rapidly diminishing.

The value of the game consumed annually in France is estimated at 80,000,000 francs, or $16,000,000.

THE tunnel now being constructed under the British channel is seven by nine feet, and when completed will be twenty miles long.

NERVOUS SUFFERER.—A dose of VEGETINE, taken on retiring to bed, will insure a comfortable night's rest to the nervous sufferer.

There was a young man so well bred
That his manners were quite out of sight,
But he kept his opinions
Put new hair on the soil,
And now with an heiress he's wed.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.

The small boy's idea of genuine comfort is "a-sittin' on a load of hay, a-pitched into a pound of ice cream whose stomach is made of sponge cake." His mature way is the absence of all unpleasant substances. That boy simply wants a journey by country railroad in a specially constructed car, where he can enjoy a hearty meal of Vienna bread, cold roast beef, pickles, pie, cake, doughnuts, cheese, fruit and Salada Tea. Ask Salada, Washington, D. C.

A GENTLEMAN WRITES for 50 cents a day. Every family needs it. Address ALDEN & CO., 21 Mills Street, Providence, R. I.

Marriages made without fail, 10 cents. Sealed particulars. Mutual Agency, Box 101, Bluffton, N. Y.

PIANOS. The IVERS & POND PIANOFORTE is the Piano you want. Pianos sold on easy payments, or rented until paid for. Send for Catalogue giving full information. Illustrated Catalogue free. IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 107 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

$255 Buys a Printing Outfit—30 best selling articles in the world. Samples free. Stamp for list. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

STALL FLOOR Oaks' patent flooring is the cheapest and best for horses. The Oakes Manufacturing Co., 1 Washington St., Boston. Stable Fixture List free.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD 20 cts. per Vol. Catalogue free. Agents wanted. Publishers, 17 Park Place, New York. P. O. Box 4596.

MANHATTAN BOOK CO., 16 & 17 Park Row, N. Y. P. O. Box 4596.

MEN To sell Fruit and Ornamental trees, Grapes, Small Fruits, Roses, etc. No experience required. Salary and expenses paid. Wanted CHARLES A. SCHMIDT & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

GUNS Rifles, Revolvers, Shot-Guns, Pistols Ammunition, Sights, Fishing Tackle, Implements, Dogs, Cheap. Illustrated Catalogue free. Johnston, Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. J. H. CHERRY, Botanic Depot, 136 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass. Draw off a glass of Alcohol

COLORED FRENCH CASHMERES The entire assortment of this firm will be attacked with aerial rheumatism about December 20th next, and for four weeks succeeding Feb. 30th, could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, for so severe a case of rheumatism, and it cured him in a short time. Sold by all druggists.

HAIR RESTORER PACKET. Gray Hair restored to original color. Beautiful whiskers. Mailed, 25 cts. by mail. 50 cents. Stamps taken. RULON'S Pharmacy, 224 5th Ave., New York.

Consumption in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," though if the lungs are wasted no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous, and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Wills of Elyria, Ohio, writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

LEMUS have just discovered a reason for giving a unanimous vote in favor of electricity—it makes the eyes sparkle as if they were diamonds.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

WHY must a blacksmith necessarily have one bad habit?—Because his trade compels him to stick to it.

Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treating and giving successful selftreatment, address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the FERRO PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA BARK, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

A BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES—Magnificent Parlor Grand Pianos, Cabinet Organs for four very fashionable round corners, rosewood cases three octaves, 13 stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Solid walnut cases, 24 stops, 5 sets reeds, only $90. Catalogue free. Send to Beatty, Washington, N. J. Reader, you can't afford to buy a piano or organ before you get Beatty's $200 to $500 offers. Newspaper confirmation of the foregoing. Please cut this out. Write for catalogue and list of testimonials. Beatty's Cabinet ORGANS, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, 250 styles, $30 to $1,000. Five free carriages seeks patrons, one illustrated catalogue, $500 cash offer, circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

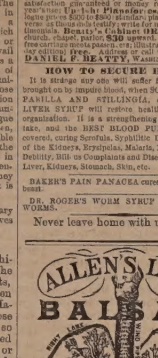
It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) PARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the shattered organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic Disorders, Weakness and Sale. Also Rheumatism, Malaria, Nervous Disorders, Debility, Bill- us Complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in man and beast.

DR. ROGER'S WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS.

Never leave home with unkind words.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



(This is engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

A STANDARD REMEDY IN MANY HOMES.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and all other affections of the Throat and LUNGS, it has obtained and still retains a world-wide reputation.

IN CONSUMPTIVE CASES

It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no medical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL! IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM!

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, CINCINNATI, O.

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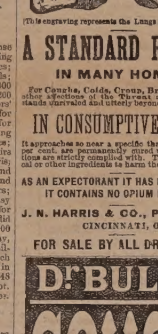

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AUTOMATIC SHADING PEN! Makes beautifully shaded writing. Single Pen, with Copper-plate, Gothic Reader or Mail, 40 cents. Sample Set, 3 Pens, 1 Holder, 1 Pencil, Elegant Vending Cards, written with Shading Pen, 25 cents per dozen. B. W. & H. SHADING PEN CO., Boston, Mass.

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NEW RICH BLOOD! Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the whole system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from one to three months may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. J. P. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. formerly Ranger, Me.

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COLORED FRENCH CASHMERES The entire assortment of this firm will be attacked with aerial rheumatism about December 20th next, and for four weeks succeeding Feb. 30th, could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, for so severe a case of rheumatism, and it cured him in a short time. Sold by all druggists.

HAIR RESTORER PACKET. Gray Hair restored to original color. Beautiful whiskers. Mailed, 25 cts. by mail. 50 cents. Stamps taken. RULON'S Pharmacy, 224 5th Ave., New York.

An Elkton, Md., paper mentions the case of Mr. F. Deenen, of that place, who suffered severely with rheumatic pains until he tried a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, w'ch completely cured him.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.*

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S portrait is to be placed upon the five cent international postage letter stamps.

Cited by the Washington (Ind.) Gazette is the fact that the colts in that locality have a sort of lameness in the joints. J. F. Myers cured his by anointing it with St. Jacob's Oil.

A RECENT African explorer, in giving an account of his travels, speaks of ants one inch long. The insects must be gi-ants.

Vegetine.

THE BARKS, ROOTS AND HERBS

From which Vegetine is made,

IN POWDER FORM,

SOLD FOR

50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

Vegetine

For Kidney Complaint and Nervous Debility.

ILKESBORO, Mo., Dec. 22, 1877.

MR. STEVENS:

I have been using and a cough for 18 years when I commenced taking Vegetine. I was very low; my system was defiled by disease. I had the Kidney Complaint, and was very nervous—cough bad, lungs sore. When I had taken about two bottles I found the Kidney trouble was helped my cough and it strengthens me. I have now able to work every day. I never have found anything like Vegetine. I know it is everything it is recommended to be.

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Dr. W. Ross Writes:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have been selling your medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for scrofula, liver complaint, dyspepsia, rheumatism, weakness, and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years and have never had one returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier. DR. W. ROSS, Druggist.

Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

Each package will make in quantity (more than bottles of Vegetine liquid, or about three pints, after the Barks, Roots and Herbs are steeped.

Vegetine in Powder Form is sold by all druggists and general country dealers. If your dealer has not got it, send 50c. in postage stamps for one package, or $5 for two packages, and I will send it by return mail.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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